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THE CAPTAIN MORATTI'S LAST AFFAIR.

By S. LEVETT YEATS, AUTHOR OF 'THE HONOUR OF SAVELLI.'

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—'ARCADES AMBO.'

'HALT!' The word, which seemed to come from nowhere, rang out into the crisp winter moonlight so sharply, so suddenly, so absolutely without warning, that the Cavaliere Michele di Lippo, who was ambling comfortably along, reined in his horse with a jerk; and with a start, looked into the night. He had not to fret his curiosity above a moment, for a figure gliding out from the black shadows of the pines, fencing in each side of the lonely road, stepped full into the white band of light stretching between the darkness on either hand, and stood in front of the horse. As the two faced each other, it was not the fact that there was a man in his path that made the rider keep a restraining hand on his bridle. It was the persuasive force, the voiceless command, in the round muzzle of an arquebuss pointed at his heart, and along the barrel of which Di Lippo could see the glint of the moonlight, a thin bright streak ending in the wicked blinking star of the lighted fuse. The cavaliere took in the position at a glance, and being a man of resolution, hurriedly cast up his chances of escape by spurring his horse and suddenly riding down the thief. In a flash the thought came and was dismissed. It was impossible; for the night-hawk had taken his stand at a distance of about six feet off, space enough to enable him to blow his quarry's heart out well before the end of any sudden rush to disarm him. The mind moves like lightning in matters of this kind, and Di Lippo surrendered without condition. Though his heart was burning within him, he was outwardly cool and collected. He had yielded to force he could not resist. Could he have seen ever so small a

chance, the positions might have been reversed. As it was, Messer the bandit might still have to look to himself, and his voice was icy as the night as he said: 'Well! I have halted. What more? It is chill, and I care not to be kept waiting.'

The robber was not without humour, and a line of teeth showed for an instant behind the burning match of the weapon he held steadily before him. He did not, however, waste words. 'Throw down your purse.'

The cavaliere hesitated. Ducats were scarce with him, but the bandit had a short patience. 'Diavolo! Don't you hear, signore?'

It was useless to resist. The fingers of the cavaliere fumbled under his cloak, and a fat purse fell squab into the snow, where it lay, a dark spot in the whiteness around, for all the world like a sleeping toad. The bandit chuckled as he heard the plump thud of the purse, and Di Lippo's muttered curse was lost in the sharp order: 'Get off the horse.'

'But'—

'I am in a hurry, signore.' The robber blew on the match of his arquebuss, and the match in its glow cast a momentary light on his face, showing the outlines of high aquiline features, and the black curve of a pair of long moustaches.

'Maledetto!' and the disgusted cavaliere dismounted, the scabbard of his useless sword striking with a clink against the stirrup iron, as he unwillingly swung from the saddle and stood in the snow—a tall figure, lean and gaunt.

As he did this, the bandit stepped back a pace, so as to give him the road. 'Your excel-

lency,' he said mockingly, 'is now free to pass—on foot. A walk will doubtless remove the chill your excellency finds so unpleasant.'

But Di Lippo made no advance. In fact, as his feet touched the snow, he recovered the composure he had so nearly lost, and saw his way to gain some advantage from defeat. It struck him that here was the very man he wanted for an affair of the utmost importance. Indeed, it was for just such an instrument that he had been racking his brains, as he rode on that winter night through the Gonfolina defile, which separates the middle and the lower valleys of the Arno. And now—a hard turn—and he had found his man. True, an expensive find; but cheap if all turned out well—that is, well from Di Lippo's point of view. This thing the cavaliere wanted done he could not take into his own hands. Not from fear—it was no question of that; but because it was not convenient; and Michele di Lippo never gave himself any inconvenience, although it was sometimes thrust upon him in an unpleasant manner by others. If he could but induce the man before him to undertake the task, what might not be? But the knight of the road was evidently very impatient.

'Blood of a king!' he swore, 'are you going, signore? Think you I am to stand here all night?'

'Certainly not,' answered Di Lippo in his even voice, 'nor am I. But to come to the point. I want a little business managed, and will pay for it. You appear to be a man of courage—will you undertake the matter?'

'Cospetto! But you are a cool hand! Who are you?'

'Is it necessary to know? I offer a hundred crowns, fifty to be paid to you if you agree, and fifty on the completion of the affair.'

'A matter of the dagger?'

'That is for you to decide.'

The bandit almost saw the snarl on Di Lippo's lips as he dropped out slowly: 'You are too cautious, my friend—you think to the skin. The rack will come whether you do my business or not.' The words were not exactly calculated to soothe, and called up an unpleasant vision before the robber's eyes. A sudden access of wrath shook him. 'Begone, signore!' he burst out, 'lest my patience exhausts itself, and I give you a bed in the snow. Why I have spared your life, I know not. Begone; warm yourself with a walk!'

'I will pay a hundred crowns,' interrupted Di Lippo.

'A hundred devils—begone!'

'As you please. Remember, it is a hundred crowns, and, on the faith of a noble, I say nothing about to-night. Where can I find you, in case you change your mind? A hundred crowns is a comfortable sum of money, mind you.'

There was no excitement about Di Lippo. He spoke slowly and distinctly. His cool voice neither rose nor dropped, but he spoke in a steady, chill monotone. A hundred crowns was

a comfortable sum of money. It was a sum not to be despised. For a tithe of that—nay, for two pistoles—the Captain Guido Moratti would have risked his life twice over, things had come to such a pass with him. Highway robbery was not exactly his line, although sometimes, as on this occasion, he had been driven to it by the straits of the times. But suppose this offer was a blind? Suppose the man before him merely wanted to know where to get at him, to hand him over to the tender mercies of the thumbscrew and the rack? On the other hand, the man might be in earnest—and a hundred crowns! He hesitated. 'A—hun—dred—crowns.'

The cavaliere repeated these words, and there was a silence. Finally, the bandit spoke.

'I frankly confess, signore, that stealing purses, even as I have done to-day, is not my way; but a man must live. If you mean what you say, there must be no half-confidences. Tell me who you are, and I will tell you where to find me.'

'I am the Cavaliere Michele di Lippo of Castel Lippo on the Greve.'

'Where is Castel Lippo?'

'At the junction of the Arno and the Greve—on the left bank.'

'Very well. In a week you will hear from me again.'

'It is enough. You will allow me to ransom the horse. I will send you the sum. On my word of honour, I have nothing to pay it at once.'

'The signore's word of honour is doubtless very white. But a can in the hand is a can in the hand, and I need a horse.—Good-night!'

'Good-night! But a can in the hand is not always wine to the lips, though a hundred crowns is ever a hundred crowns;' and saying this, Di Lippo drew his cloak over the lower part of his face, and turned sharply into the darkness to the right without so much as giving a look behind him. His horse would have followed; but quick as thought, Moratti's hand was on the trailing reins, and holding them firmly, he stooped and picked up the purse, poisoning it at arm's-length in front of him.

'Silver,' he muttered, as his fingers felt the coins through the soft leather—'thirty crowns at the most, perhaps an odd gold piece or so—and now to be off. *Hola! steady!*' and mounting the horse, he turned his head round, still talking to himself: 'I am in luck. Cheese falls on my macaroni—thirty broad pieces and a horse, and a hundred crowns more in prospect. Captain Guido Moratti, the devil smiles on you—you will end a Count. *Animo!*' He touched the horse with his heels, and went forward at a smart gallop; and as he galloped, he threw his head back and laughed loudly and mirthlessly into the night.

In the meantime it was with a sore heart that the cavaliere made his way through the forest to the banks of the Arno, and then plodded along the river-side, through the wood, by a track scarcely discernible to any but one who had seen it many times. On his right hand the river hummed drearily; on his left,

the trees sighed in the night-wind; and before him the narrow track wound, now up, then down, now twisting amongst the pines in darkness, then stretching in front, straight as a plumb-line. It was gall to Di Lippo to think of the loss of the crowns and the good horse; it was bitterness to trudge it in the cold along the weary path that led to the ferry across the Arno, which he would have to cross before reaching his own home; and he swore deeply, under the muffling of his cloak, as he pressed on at his roundest pace. He soon covered the two miles that lay between him and the ferry; but it was past midnight ere he did this, and reaching the ferryman's hut, battered at the door with the hilt of his sword. Eventually he aroused the ferryman, who came forth grumbling. Had it been any one else, honest Giuseppe would have told him to go hang before he would have risen from his warm bed; but the Cavaliere Michele was a noble, and, although poor, had a lance or two, and Castel Lippo, which bore an ill name, was only a mangonel shot from the opposite bank. So Giuseppe punted his excellency across; and his excellency vented his spleen with a curse at everything in general, and the bandit in particular, as he stepped ashore and hurried to his dwelling. It was a steep climb that led up by a bridle-path to his half-ruined tower, and Di Lippo stood at the postern and whistled on his silver whistle, and knocked for many a time, before he heard the chains clanking and the bar put back. At last the door opened, and a figure stood before him, a lantern in one hand.

'St John! But it is your worship! We did not expect you until sunrise. And the horse, excellency?'

'Stand aside, fool. I have been robbed, that is all. Yes—let the matter drop; and light me up quick. Will you gape all night there?'

The porter, shutting the gate hastily, turned, and walking before his master, led him across the courtyard. Even by the moonlight, it could be seen that the flagstones were old and worn with age. In many places they had come apart, and with the spring, sprouts of green grass and white serpyllum would shoot up from the cracks. At present, these fissures were choked with snow. Entering the tower by an arched door at the end of the courtyard, they ascended a winding stair, which led into a large but only partially furnished room. Here the man lit two candles, and Di Lippo dropping his cloak, sank down into a chair, saying: 'Make up a fire, will you—and bring me some wine; after that, you may go.'

The man threw a log or two into the fireplace, where there were already the remains of a fire, and the pine-wood soon blazed up cheerfully. Then he placed a flask of Orvieto and a glass at his master's elbow, and wishing him good-night, left him.

Michele di Lippo poured himself out a full measure and drained it at a draught. Drawing his chair close to the blazing wood, he stretched out his feet, cased in long boots of Spanish leather, and stared into the flames. He sat thus for an hour or so without motion. The candles burned out, and the fire alone lit the

room, casting strange shadows on the moth-eaten tapestry of the hangings, alternately lighting and leaving in darkness the corners of the room, and throwing its fitful glow on the pallid features of the brooding man, who sat as if cut out of stone. At last the cavaliere moved, but it was only to fling another log on the flames. Then he resumed his former attitude, and watched the fire. As he looked, he saw a picture. He saw wide lands, lands rich with olive and vine, that climbed the green hills between which the Aulella babbles. He saw the gray towers of the castle of Pieve. Above the donjon, a broad flag flapped lazily in the air, and the blazon on it—three wasps on a green field—was his own. He was no longer the ruined noble, confined to his few acres, living like a goat amongst the rocks of the Greve; but my lord count, ruffling it again in Rome, and calling the mains with Riario, as in the good old times ten years ago. Diavolo! But those were times when the Borgia was Pope! What nights those were in the Torre Borgia! He had one of Giulia Bella's gloves still, and there were dark stains on its whiteness—stains that were red once with the blood of Monreale, who wore it over his heart the day he ran him through on the Ripetta. Basta! That was twelve years ago! Twelve years! Twelve hundred years it seemed. And he was forty now. Still young enough to run another man through, however. Cospetto! If the bravo would only undertake the job, everything might be his! He would live again—or perhaps! And another picture came before the dreamer. It had much to do with death—a bell was tolling dismally, and a chained man was walking to his end, with a priest muttering prayers into his ears. In the background was a gallows, and a sea of heads, an endless swaying crowd of heads, with faces that looked on the man with hate, and tongues that jeered and shouted curses at him. And the voices of the crowd seemed to merge into one tremendous roar of hatred as the condemned wretch ascended the steps of the platform on which he was to find a disgraceful death.

Michele di Lippo rose suddenly with a shiver and an oath: 'Maledetto! I must sleep. It touches the morning, and I have been dreaming too long.'

OUR PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION OF WHEAT.

By R. HEDGER WALLACE,
Author of *Agriculture* (W. & R. Chambers, Limited).

As every intelligent man now acknowledges, the agricultural depression in the United Kingdom is mainly due to the heavy fall in the prices of farm products, caused by the enormous importation of food products from other countries. Every year we now import into this country from abroad grain to the value of fifty millions sterling; and live cattle, sheep, and pigs to the value of thirty millions. The subject is so wide that we shall restrict ourselves to the importation, home production, and consumption of wheat, and ask non-agricultural readers to favour

us with their attention while we put some facts before them which merit consideration.

That the price of home-grown wheat has fallen, and fallen enormously, there can be little doubt. In 1860 the average *Gazette* price for home-grown wheat was 55s. 3d. per quarter; in 1870 it was 54s. 2d.; in 1880, 43s. 11d.; and in 1890, 35s. 5d. To bring this fall in price down to a later date, we find, from the weekly statements published by the Board of Agriculture under the Corn Returns Act of 1882, that the average price for home-grown wheat for the week ending 16th March 1895 was 19s. 9d. For the corresponding week in 1891 it was 34s. 5d.; in 1892, 33s.; in 1893, 24s. 9d.; and in 1894, 24s. 3d. This steady fall in price has lessened the area under wheat, as a natural sequence. The following figures will show at a glance how the area has been restricted, as also the yield per acre; the years taken being fairly representative of the periods:

Years.	Acres.	Bushels per Acre.
1856.....	4,213,651.....	27½
1866.....	3,649,548.....	25½
1876.....	3,114,555.....	25½
1886.....	2,355,451.....	29½
1894.....	1,980,228.....	30½

Owing to fall in prices, the area under wheat has fallen in forty years from four million acres to about two million; but the yield per acre has been increased, showing the ability and skill of the British farmer. 'There can, indeed, be no doubt,' write Messrs Lawes & Gilbert in 1892, 'that the eight years commencing with 1884 and ending with 1891 gave a higher average yield per acre than any equal period of the forty years.' As prices have fallen, the British farmer has reduced his area; but he has increased his return of produce per acre—thus showing both his common-sense and his capabilities.

Our next point is to look at the quantities of home-grown and imported wheat available for consumption, and their relative proportions. From an article by Messrs Lawes & Gilbert in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, we take the following figures, showing the amount of wheat produced at home, as compared with the amount imported, in periods of eight years:

	Home Produce.	Imports.
1852-53 to 1859-60.....	13,403,310.....	4,820,246
1860-61 to 1867-68.....	12,467,499.....	8,309,783
1868-69 to 1875-76.....	11,834,879.....	10,894,622
1876-77 to 1883-84.....	8,922,986.....	16,306,191
1884-85 to 1891-92.....	8,706,974.....	18,657,281

These figures show that, forty years ago, the consumer looked to the British farmer to feed him with home-grown produce; to-day, he looks to the foreigner for the supply of his wants. Setting aside patriotic questions, can such an absolute dependence on imports be justified on economic grounds? Our population in 1852 was about twenty-seven and a half millions,

and in 1892 it was thirty-eight millions, an increase of about thirty-eight per cent.; but our imports have increased at a rate out of all proportion to the increase in population, and our home production does not even remain stationary, but steadily declines. In 1855-56 the amount raised at home was 73·7 per cent. of the total, the remaining 26·3 per cent. being imported; in 1873-74 the respective figures were 44·8 and 55·2; in 1891-92 they were 26·8 and 73·2. Thirty-five years therefore produced a complete inversion of the proportions.

Forty years ago, seventy-three per cent. of the wheat used was home-grown; now seventy-three per cent. of the consumption is imported. What will happen should imports suddenly cease? This is a question consumers may well think over. The British farmer is not a philanthropist; he only grows such produce as will yield him a decent profit. That he is a capable man is shown by his increasing the yield per acre; and that he is not a fool is clear by his reducing his area under arable, and especially wheat cultivation, as far as is consistent with practical farm economy. The question is not, 'Can he supply the wheat wanted?' Forty years ago, he supplied from seventy to seventy-five per cent. of the demand; since then, he has put two million acres out of cultivation, and increased his return on the balance. If required, he can resume his old acreage; and with his higher yield, resume his old position when he finds it to his advantage to do so.

The question is one for the consumer to consider, rather than the farmer; and the following figures may bring it home to him. During the past forty years the average consumption of wheat per head of the population has been 5·65 bushels; and in 1891-92, it was 6·57 bushels. Taking the figures for 1891-92, we find that of the total amount required per head, 1·76 bushels were home-grown, while 4·81 bushels were imported—or, as we saw before, about seventy-three per cent. of the consumption of wheat per head within the year is from imports. The consumer requires in round figures to be supplied with six bushels of wheat in a year, and he obtains four and two-fifth bushels from foreign sources, and one and three-fifth bushels from the British farmer. To meet the demand on him, the farmer sows enough wheat to cover the twenty-seven per cent. of the consumption he is expected to supply; and if prices go down further, he will be content to supply less than this percentage, and let the consumer look elsewhere. Let us look at this question in a practical manner. For the season 1895 the area sown under wheat will be capable of yielding when harvested twenty-seven per cent. of the annual wheat consumption—that is, the one and three-fifth bushels per head per annum demanded from the British grower by the consumer. Should some unforeseen disaster stop the imports of wheat from *all sources*—say from May 1895—where is the consumer to obtain the balance of four and two-fifth bushels? We consume about thirty-one million quarters of wheat, and this season we shall have an area under wheat which in August will yield

us about eight million quarters. Till this is harvested, we shall have to depend on the stock of wheat and flour we may have in hand; and let us suppose that we are fortunate enough to have a six months' stock in hand—say, fifteen million quarters. This would carry us from May to October; and the yield from the harvest would carry us on perhaps to February 1896. From September 1895 to March 1896 we should doubtless make every effort so to increase our area under cultivation as to supply the consumption of the country; and we are quite capable of doing it; but this crop could not be harvested, say, before July 1896. From February to July, where is the consumer to draw his supplies from? Of course it will be admitted that if this stoppage of imports took place at the close of our harvest season, we would be better able to cope with the difficulty, provided we had a good stock in hand. Again, it will be said that it is impossible our imports could be suddenly stopped. But it should be remembered, as Lord Beaconsfield said, that it is the unexpected that always happens, and history teaches us that men like Napoleon I. do not know what the term 'impossible' means.

The figures above given are based on tables in an article by Messrs Lawes & Gilbert, which we owe to the kindness of the Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society. For the table from which are taken the following figures, further illustrating the same significant facts, and showing the same melancholy decline of home supplies, we are indebted to the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture. In 1890, 40,710,773 cwt. of wheat were grown at home, while 82,381,591 cwt. of wheat and wheat flour were imported from abroad; in 1891, the home produce was 40,040,732 cwt., the import 89,539,355 cwt.; in 1892, 32,558,220 cwt. against 95,604,589; in 1893, 27,274,739 cwt. against 93,806,666; and in 1894, 32,520,204 cwt. against 96,710,195.

We import about seventy-five per cent. of our total requirements, the home producer supplying the balance. The wonder is that he even does this. In 1895 he is getting 19s. 9d., when ten years ago he was getting 33s. 2d. for his wheat. The British consumer, besides drawing three-fourths of his supplies from foreign sources, is also now prepared apparently to pay a higher price for it than for home-grown wheat, for in 1860-68 the average *Gazette* price of home-grown wheat was, per quarter, 52s. 2d., while that of the imported wheat, according to the Trade and Navigation Returns, was 49s. 6d. In 1869-76 the home-grown brought 52s., the imported 49s. But in 1877-84 the tables were turned; the home-grown fetching 45s. 7d., while the imported fetched 46s. 2d.; and in 1885-92 this difference was still greater in favour of the foreign wheat—home-grown 32s. 5d., foreign 33s. 9d.

It is probable that the condition of imported wheat has been comparatively and relatively better than home wheat during later years, and perhaps the more general adoption of roller milling has placed the soft English wheats at a disadvantage.

These are some of the facts on this question which consumers will do well to consider. The

British farmer can supply their wants, with due warning for preparation, whenever they are prepared to pay him a remunerative price. It must be remembered that he is working on a soil which for hundreds of years has had to support the nation, and that its present fertility is an acquired one, due solely to his skill and ability. His farming must be, under our economic conditions, of an intensive nature—he has to contend with difficulties in the form of rent, rates, and tithe, by which his foreign competitor is less burdened, and he has to face uncertain seasons and constantly recurring bad weather, hindering the ripening and harvesting of crops. It must also be kept in mind that, owing to our large population, the British farmer's land will have an artificial value when compared with the same soil under different surroundings and circumstances.

The consumer is therefore drawing his supplies from land that has for centuries back been accumulating its natural fertility, where the farming is extensive, and land is obtainable below its intrinsic value. While the British farmer is called upon to supply so many heads per acre, his competitor can choose the number of acres that is to supply a head. The man who grows produce that will yield a remunerative return is a farmer; the man who does not is a fool. We must remember that growing sound healthy crops is not the 'whole art' of farming. These crops have also to be safely secured or harvested, and advantageously placed on the market. The success of a practical farmer is judged not so much on the yield per acre he obtains, as on the return per acre he receives when marketing his produce. Our farmers have the knowledge and skill, and the soil is capable of supplying the consumers' wants in wheat, whenever it is found that by doing so a profitable return will result. The real question is, whether it is safe to be dependent on seventy-five per cent. of our present wheat demand being supplied from outside sources? As we said before, this is a question for the consumer—that is, the general population outside the agricultural classes. We are not an agricultural nation, but that section directly interested in agriculture gets the compliment of being termed the 'backbone' of the country by the industrial and commercial classes. These classes regulate the demand for bread-stuffs, and if they are content with being so dependent on foreign and non-permanent sources of supply, the disparity between home produce and imports will be still further accentuated.

There is another aspect of the question which deserves notice. This large proportion of imported bread-stuffs ought absolutely to increase the fertility of a country, for obvious reasons; but we know that the fertility of our country is not increased by it, for, through the sewerage arrangements of our towns, this valuable fertilising matter is wasted, and the soil thereby deprived of what would be a valuable addition to its producing power. Surely if the non-agricultural classes really consider, as they say, the soil of a country to be the only permanent and reliable source of wealth, they should take steps that the agricultural community might share in the benefits

of this large importation of bread-stuffs, by having the manurial value or residue of this imported wheat conserved and applied to the land.

AN ELECTRIC SPARK.*

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER X.—(continued).

By this time Wynyan was walking angrily up and down the library; but at the last sentence he turned upon the doctor in indignant astonishment.

'Well, what are you looking at, boy? Why, I've seen her through everything—been like a second father to her; and now, sir, I'm face to face with the fact that poor Dalton is going home, and that he must leave that girl unsettled. Will you leave off wearing out my old Turkey and sit down, sir? Am I your friend, or am I not?'

Wynyan dropped back into his chair.

'That's better.—Now, look here, Wynyan—Paul Wynyan—as soon as Dalton comes back—he won't stop down there long—go in to his room and speak out like a man. Tell him you love her, and ask him to make you his partner and consent to an early marriage.'

'And Miss Dalton, sir?' said Wynyan coldly. 'You forget her. Is she some marketable commodity that she is to be traded away like that?'

The doctor refilled his glass, passed the old bottle, tossed off his wine, smacked his lips, and then shook his finger at his guest.

'Now, look here, my lad; don't you ever speak to me again in that would-be clever, sarcastic fashion, because it won't do. I'm giving you a prescription for your moral health, and I know what I'm saying. That dear girl likes you—mind, I say *likes* you. Heaven bless her! She's as sweet and innocent as an angel, and don't know what love is. She's none of your fast, coquettish girls, ready to listen to every chattering fool; but a sweet, girlish thing, who likes you, esteems you. Get the old man's consent, and then tell her you love her, and—bless your heart!—it will be like sunshine on a bud. It will open out.'

Wynyan shook his head.

'But I tell you it will, sir. If it doesn't, you shan't have her, even if Dalton says yes. And believe me, boy, he will. He knows that scamp Brant will be worrying her—he has proposed to her—I know; and I believe she sent him about his business with a flea in his ear. Plain enough, the other night. There is nobody else. Might have been scores; but she's not the girl those fellows can talk to.—There; I've done.—Now, then, will you do as I say?'

Wynyan sat with his brow wrinkled, gazing down at the carpet, but made no reply.

'Do you hear what I say?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And you will ask Dalton like a man?'

'I will go to him and ask him like a man, for I do love'—

'There; that will do, my dear boy. Keep that for *Rénée*.—Then, that's off my mind.—Now, light your cigar; I want to talk to you about something else.'

Wynyan slowly obeyed, but it was unconsciously, for his blood seemed to be singing in his arteries, and his pulses bounding with excitement.

'I'll have a fresh one too,' said the doctor, selecting one very carefully from the box, and going through a good deal of business before he lit it and lay back, sending out heavy clouds.

'Look here, Wynyan,' he said at last; and the young man started from his musings. 'Ah, you were dreaming about your business: put that aside for the present. I want to talk to you about mine.'

'I am all attention, sir,' said Wynyan.

'That's right.—Now, then, confidence for confidence, my lad.'

'You may trust me, sir.'

'I know that, or I shouldn't say a word. You see, I know plenty of men, but they are mostly doctors, and I can't talk to them. A man can't get on without friends, and there are times when he feels as if he must confide in somebody. Hear that?'

'Yes; I am listening,' said Wynyan, wonderingly.

'I told you I was precious clever in some things, and that I was an idiot in others, didn't I?'

'Yes, doctor.'

'Well, now, then, you'll see. There are times, I say, when, if a man has something on his mind, he feels that he must tell it to some one. Murderers, if they are not found out, get like that at last, and confess.'

'But you have not committed a murder, sir,' said Wynyan, smiling.

'Thank you, my boy—thank you for your good opinion. Ill-natured people would not say that of a doctor. But let that pass. Well, Wynyan, my lad, sick people like to talk to one another about their complaints. My waiting-room could tell some strange tales about that. Now you're sick—so am I. I've got it too, badly.'

'You, sir?' cried Wynyan.

'Yes, I! Going to laugh at me, and call me an old fool?'

'I am going, if you will let me, Dr Kilpatrick, always to look upon you as one of my closest friends.'

'You shall, boy, and find me a true one too.—But there: it's a fact. It's Nature, too, my lad, and there's no beating her. I went on for a great many years, too busy to think about such a thing, and ready to laugh at elderly patients who were smitten with the disease—for it is a disease, boy, and it kills some poor wretches—indirectly, of course. Then I found how ignorant I had been, and that I had the longing to cease living my lonely old bachelor life. The lady came at last.'

Wynyan waited, for the doctor had ceased. Then he went on again.

'Hundreds of women I might have had. Patients ready to jump at me, ugly as I am; but there was only one woman for me, Wynyan

—a splendid woman, sweet, innocent, gentle-hearted, and, like myself, a bit weak. Just the right age. A woman who, if she would sit at the head of my table, would make me a happy man.'

'Then why not marry her, sir? You have told me what to do. Have you asked her?'

'No, sir.'

'Why not?'

'I can't.'

'Come, doctor; you have made me bold to speak to you, and I am as interested now in your future as you are in mine. Why can't you ask her?'

'Because she doesn't care for me.'

It was on Wynyan's lips to say, 'I even do not know that I am cared for;' but he could not bring even a reference to *Rénée* into the conversation now.

'I can't,' said the doctor after a pause—'I can't, sir. I've been there with the intention time after time; but so sure as I have screwed myself up to risk it and speak out like a man, directly or indirectly, there has always been that confounded foreigner in the way.'

'Villar Endoza?'

'That's the man, sir. The poor lady's dazzled by him, his cash, and his title, and the bit of romance about his Spanish-American place.'

'You amaze me, sir.'

'Humph! Why? Isn't she all I said?'

'Yes, of course; but I never dreamed of it.'

'I have, and I go on dreaming. There it is: he's your fine courtly, dignified nobleman; while I'm neither good-looking nor ornamental. That fellow carries all before him with the women-kind. I don't, but I'm the real stuff to wear well. I'd make her a good husband; but no: I'm out of court. It's the old story, Wynyan—a foreign Count, glamour and romance, sentiment and poetry, palace lifting to eternal summer, and that sort of thing; only this chap isn't a humbug, like *Claude Melnotte*. It's very disgusting, my dear sir, for here am I, solid oak, and I love her with a calm, true, middle-aged, rather elderly love; while that fellow's only veneer—Spanish mahogany veneer. If he'd make her happy, I wouldn't care; but he doesn't want her. It's all flattery and flam. The man's playing a part. Smooth to people, so as to make them serve him in some way. When he has got all he wants for his confounded country, they may go to *Jericho* or anywhere. Confound him and his daughter too! I never liked them, though they've been good paying patients. I was always sorry to see them so intimate with *Rénée*; but Dalton was obliged to be civil to them; he has drawn heaps of money through the Count, as you know.'

Wynyan nodded.

'I shall be glad when he has done all he has to do, and taken his girl and gone. No; I shan't, because it will break that poor lady's heart. She's ready to lie down and let him wipe his shoes upon her. Anything for a smile, while she hates to see me in the house.'

'Then she knows, sir?'

'Oh yes: she knows, poor thing; and I know she can't care for me. There; I've finished, Wynyan. It's done me no end of good. Old fool, though, ain't I?'

Wynyan held out his hand, and it was grasped with a long, firm clasp.

'Thank you, my lad. You and I always got on together. Now we'll be very great friends, eh? You'll come and see me. Drop in as you did to-night, for a chop, eh? and report progress, as they say up at the House.—Now, once more; you'll speak to Dalton?'

'I have promised you, sir.'

'That's right, boy—that's right. Then, now that both our minds are eased, we'll smoke a cigar in real earnest over a cup of coffee. You've begun two, and I three, but we let them all go out. Too bad, for they're a good kind.'

The coffee was brought in; but the smoking proved even then a failure; and soon after, the new intimates parted, one of them to lie awake for hours thinking over his promise, and asking himself what would be the result.

THE HUMOURS OF NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.

THE daily newspaper is one of the most familiar of our institutions. But of the myriads who peruse it daily, how few there are who have any adequate conception of the labour, the ingenuity, the experience—the brains and the capital—expended in the collection and publication of its varied contents. Perhaps it is that familiarity with the daily newspaper breeds, not exactly a contempt for it, but a sort of indifference to its marvellous qualities. At any rate, when it is read, it is flung carelessly aside. Yet the average daily cost of its production ranges from one thousand to three thousand pounds. And though the average reader may not think it, there is much tragedy, much pathos, and, as we shall see, much humour and scheming and subterfuge also, interwoven in the making of the daily newspaper. It is said that all is fair in love and war. It might be added that all is fair, too, in newspaper competition. The truth is that each daily paper has to fight literally for its existence against a host of fierce competitors, and at times it cannot afford to be too squeamish as to its methods.

Fifty years ago the two leading London newspapers were the *Times* and the *Morning Herald*. Fierce was the fight for supremacy which they waged for years, and though at last the *Herald* succumbed, its vigilance and resource frequently pushed its great and powerful rival to the wall. The trial of Daniel O'Connell and other leaders of the Repeal movement for conspiracy in 1844 was the occasion of a curious and amusing incident in the competition for popular favour between these metropolitan journals. The greatest interest was centred in the trial. The *Times* and the *Herald* not only sent representatives to Dublin, but chartered special steamers to run between Kingstown and Holyhead, in order to expedite the conveyance of each day's report of the trial from Dublin to London, as there was then no telegraph system. The representative of the *Times* was Sir (then Mr) W. H. Russell, the well-known and veteran war correspondent. The trial, which lasted twenty-five

days, concluded on a Saturday night with a verdict of 'Guilty.' Mr Russell immediately sped to London with the news. A special train which had been awaiting him with steam up all the evening at Westland Row conveyed him from Dublin to Kingstown; and crossing the Channel in the chartered steamer, he travelled between Holyhead and London in another special train, leaving his rival of the *Morning Herald* behind him in Dublin. The office of the *Times* in Printing House Square was reached late on Sunday night. As Mr Russell sprang out of his cab in the Square he noticed a number of men in shirt-sleeves, evidently employees on the *Times*, lounging about the office door. One of them remarked to him: 'We're glad to hear they've found them guilty at last.' 'Oh yes, all guilty, but on different counts,' replied Mr Russell as he passed into the office. He was just in time to have his report with the exclusive news of the result of the trial put into type for Monday's issue of the *Times*.

Tired as he was after his long journey, it was naturally late in the evening of Monday when he awoke in a Fleet Street hotel. He had gone to sleep in a jubilant mood; the awakening was depressing in the extreme. He was handed a letter from Delane, the great editor of the *Times*. It ran: 'You managed very badly. The *Morning Herald* has got the verdict. This must be inquired into.'

The inquiry was accordingly held that night. It turned out that Mr Russell's interlocutor at the office door was an emissary of the enemy. 'The confounded miscreants!' exclaimed Delane, as he thumped the table. 'But it was sharp of them.' And turning to Mr Russell, he said: 'Let this be a warning to you to keep your lips closed and your eyes open. Never speak about your business. Commit it to paper for the editor, and for him alone. We would have given hundreds of pounds to have stopped your few words last night.'

Here is another story of a newspaper in the exclusive possession of an important piece of news being overreached by a trick. In October 1854 the passenger steamship *Arctic* foundered on its way between Liverpool and New York. There was only one survivor, a sailor named Burns, who was picked up from a spar by a passing steamer. He was known to have landed at New York; but though the reporters of the various newspapers hunted the city for him, he could not be found. After midnight, the news editor of the New York *Times* was going home by tram, when, to his profound astonishment and consternation, he overheard a man in the car telling the conductor that Burns was in the office of the New York *Herald*. Jumping out of the car at once, he drove back to the *Times* office. The paper was ready for the press, and the compositors were about to go home. But the news editor stopped the publication of the paper, and locking all the doors of the premises, to prevent any one leaving, he sent a trusty messenger to get the earliest possible copy of the *Herald*. It was procured about six o'clock in the morning. The story told by Burns was cut out of the *Herald* and the copy divided amongst the whole staff, numbering two hundred compositors, so that in

half-an-hour the sensational narrative was in type; and by seven o'clock the *Times* was selling in thousands in the streets of New York. The *Herald*, which had given Burns five hundred dollars for his story, and had detained him all night in its editorial room, in order that he might not fall into the hands of any of its rivals, believed it had the information all to itself, and it kept back its city edition till nine o'clock, the usual hour of publication. By that time all New York had read of the disaster in the *Times*.

Probably no journal has contributed more than the *New York Herald* to the humours of newspaper enterprise. There is scarcely anything in newspaper history more funny in its way than the manner in which Mr H. M. Stanley was commissioned by the *New York Herald* to find Dr Livingstone in the wilds of Africa. Mr Bennett was staying in Paris in the early part of 1871 when he conceived the idea of despatching at the sole cost of his journal an expedition for the discovery and relief of the great African traveller. He telegraphed for Mr Stanley, then representing the *Herald* at Madrid. The latter, not knowing what business was in hand, left instantly for Paris, and arriving at the Grand Hotel at eleven o'clock at night, went at once to Mr Bennett's room. That gentleman was in bed. 'Come in, sir. Who are you?' he said, in reply to Stanley's knock.

'My name is Stanley,' answered the correspondent.

'Oh yes,' replied Mr Bennett. 'Sit down—glad to see you. Have you any idea where Livingstone is?'

'No.'

'Well, I think he is living, and is to be found. Will you try to find him?'

'Yes.'

'Good. You can have an unlimited credit. Use your own means; carry out your own plans. Good-night!'

But with all the fertility of resource and extraordinary sharpness and unlimited means at its back, the *Herald* was now and then—as I have already shown—badly 'sold' by its New York rivals. Here is another instance. When the *Herald* fitted out the *Pandora* for her famous expedition to the Arctic regions, under the command of Captain Allen Young, it naturally enough refused to allow the *New York World* to send a representative. The *Herald* thought it should have exclusively all the information about the expedition, and accordingly the only journalist allowed to accompany the *Pandora* was its own representative, Mr McGahan. But the *World* was not to be balked. Letter after letter dealing with the voyage and adventures of the expedition appeared in the *World*, while the *Herald*, which had fitted out the expedition, and had allowed no journalist but its own representative to accompany it, was strangely silent. It was not till the return home of the expedition that this mystery was explained. The London agent of the *World*, acting on instructions from headquarters, had secured the services of a talented member of the crew of the *Pandora*, known as 'a sea lawyer,' while the vessel lay at Plymouth. It was this man who despatched letters, under

cover, to the *World* at every available opportunity, while Mr McGahan, unaware, of course, of the existence of a rival in the fore-castle, decided to wait till his return, when he could present the whole narrative to the public. But when that time came, he found his book forestalled and largely discounted by the publication of the sailor's letters in the *World*.

Here, however, is the story of 'a big score' made by the *Herald* over its rivals. One year the *Herald* published a Presidential message in full on the morning of the day it was sent to the Senate. The *coup* was effected by a real stroke of genius on the part of the managing editor of the paper. The Associated Press, which is the great news agency of America, was informed by some person that the *Herald* had obtained a surreptitious copy of the message from their office, from which it was not to be sent to the newspapers, in accordance with the usual arrangement with the President, until the following morning. The agent of the Associated Press went to the managing editor of the *Herald* to protest against such conduct. As a matter of fact the story was untrue; but the managing editor of the *Herald* astutely led the agent of the Associated Press to believe that it was well founded.

'Very well,' said the visitor; 'if that be the case, the only thing we can do is to send out the message to-night, even at the expense of breaking faith with the President. Our customers must be properly served.'

This was what the managing editor had led up to. He sent orders to the foreman of the composing-room to be ready to 'set' an extra page at a late hour; so that when the President's message began to arrive about one o'clock that night it was quickly put into type. The *Herald* came out the next morning with the *entire* of that important State document; while the other papers, not being prepared to deal with it, coming as it did at so late an hour, could only use a few disconnected paragraphs.

The *New York Herald* is also the hero of an amusing display of enterprise in connection with the visit paid by the Prince of Wales to the United States some years ago. On the day the Prince went to see Niagara, the *Herald* engaged all the telegraphic wires there between certain hours, so that it might have a monopoly in its report of the interesting proceedings. But as the Prince did not arrive at the Falls till long after the expected hour, no 'copy' for the *Herald* was available within the time for which the wires had been secured.

'What is to be done to keep the wires in hands?' telegraphed the chief of the *Herald* staff at Niagara to Mr Gordon Bennett.

'Telegraph the Book of Genesis,' replied the autocrat of the *Herald*.

This was done at a cost of seven hundred dollars, but still no 'copy' had come to hand.

'What now?' again telegraphed the chief at Niagara to Mr Bennett.

'Continue on to the Book of Revelation if necessary,' promptly responded Mr Bennett. But, happily, it was unnecessary to do this, for before the Book of Exodus was finished, some of the 'copy' had arrived, and the *Herald's* triumph was secured.

It is not often that similar opportunities for newspaper *coups* arise on this side of the Atlantic; but when they do, our journalists are not found wanting in the necessary astuteness and resource to make the most of them. This is shown, I think, in the story how Mr Archibald Forbes secured for the *Daily News* the narrative of the survivors of the emigrant ship *Cospatrick*, which was burned on its way to New Zealand in 1874. The survivors were three in number—Macdonald, the second-mate, and two ordinary seamen, who had been adrift on a raft for weeks, and had sustained life only by a recourse to cannibalism. The men were sent home by the mail steamer *Nyanza*, and about thirty journalists assembled at Plymouth to interview them on their arrival. The *Daily News* had a special representative at Plymouth; but he informed his editor that he had no hope of beating his competitors, as, after all sorts of scheming, it was finally unanimously decided by the journalists present that the best course was for all to board the *Nyanza* together in the mail-tug and get Macdonald to tell his story in their midst for the common good. The editor of the *Daily News* did not like this arrangement at all. So he sent for Mr Forbes—who had earned great prestige for the paper, not only by his brilliant services during the Franco-Prussian War, but by two thrilling true stories of wrecks at sea which he had written shortly before the *Cospatrick* disaster—and told him the situation. That evening Mr Forbes went down to Plymouth and put up at an obscure inn in a suburb. Through the agency of a local shipbroker whom he knew, he chartered a tug, the *Volunteer*, and ordered the skipper to be in readiness with steam up at an unfrequented jetty on the farther side of the harbour. At three o'clock on the last day of the year 1874, news arrived that the *Nyanza* had passed the Lizard Light, about twenty-five miles out from Plymouth. Mr Forbes went to the railway station and engaged a whole first-class compartment in the train that was to leave for London at midnight. Then at dusk he went out in the *Volunteer* to board the *Nyanza* in advance of the mail-tug which would bring out the thirty journalists. This he only succeeded in doing at the imminent risk of his life. He jumped from the bridge of the tug, as it rose on the top of a big wave, and just succeeded in catching the mizzen chains of the mail-steamer, whence he was pulled by the collar on to the deck.

'Where can I find Macdonald, the mate of the *Cospatrick*? Quick!' was his first breathless exclamation as he regained his feet.

He found the man below; but not a word would he utter till he had made a bargain.

'I'll give you fifty pounds down,' cried Mr Forbes, 'if you tell me your whole story and tell it to me alone.' Macdonald agreed to this; and Mr Forbes had an hour with him before the other journalists came on the scene. He then handed Macdonald over to the other representative of the *Daily News*, who had come out in the mail-tug, with directions to get the man into the engaged compartment of the train to London, and obtain the fag end of the story, while he himself wired to the *Daily News* from

Plymouth a graphic and thrilling description of the disaster.

But how fared it with the other newspaper men? That, perhaps, is the most amusing feature of the story. The two unhappy sailors were so utterly imbecile that they could give no account of the disaster; and Macdonald, true to his bargain with Mr Forbes, would hold no converse on the subject with the clamorous and angry journalists.

'The public have a right to learn the details of your story,' exclaimed one of the group.

'A' weel,' replied Macdonald in broad Scotch, 'they'll can read it i' the mornin's *Daily News*; it'll be a' there.'

However, the attempt to retain the exclusive possession of Macdonald for the *Daily News* on board the train did not succeed. The rival journalists swarmed into the reserved compartment; and thus obtained for their respective newspapers the tail end of the extraordinary story of the mate of the unfortunate *Cospatrick*.

STORY OF LEE PING AND 'THE STORK THAT LIVES A THOUSAND YEARS.'

By GUY BOOTHBY.

O soðeyn wo! that ever art successor
To worldly blisse, spreyned with bitternesse;
The ende of the joye of our worldly labour;
We occupieth the fyn of our gladnesse:
Harken this conseil for thy sikernes:—
Upon thy gladde daye have in thy mynde
The unware wo or harm that cometh behynde.
CHAUCER—*Man of Lawes Tale*.

THIS story might very well have been called 'The Rout of Love by the Unforeseen.' It should also go a long way towards proving the true value of love as a business principle.

In the first place, you must understand that, even for a Chinaman, Lee Ping was not fair to look upon; his age was nearer seventy than forty, and for a Celestial that is very old indeed. His face was puckered like a sun-dried crab-apple into a thousand wrinkles; and his pigtail, once the pride and glory of his existence, now consisted principally of horse hair. But he was very rich for all that, so rich, indeed, that every one, or nearly every one, respected him.

The Police department was the only exception, and, as all the world knows, that service invariably casts suspicious eyes upon a Chinaman, or, for that matter, on any one else who wears the same suit of clothes year in and year out, and can show no outward and visible sign of how he derives his support. Therefore, to avoid any friction that might arise, Lee Ping allowed it to be supposed that he obtained his income from a general store on the railway works at Banya Creek, in the northern territory of South Australia; when in reality his gains came from an illicit 'Fan-tan' shop, carried on every night for the benefit of the coolies behind the canvas curtains of his store front.

About the beginning of the summer of which I'm going to tell you, he complained of being lonely. So, for the sake of his wealth, which was undoubtedly great, a little Chinese lady cast in her lot with his; and being, like all his countrymen, fond of high-sounding pet

names, he christened her 'The Stork that lives a Thousand Years.' Her real name was Sika, and she was in every way delightful—indeed, so charming was she that Quong Shang, a youth of low and dissipated habits, loved her, and even laboured as a coolie on the construction works in order to have the wherewithal to meet her and to gamble at Lee Ping's abode.

By some means, system or no system, he won enormous sums, and for better security he hid the plunder in his pigtail, which was nearly a yard long and as thick as his wrist.

In the intervals of the game he found leisure to whisper words of affection into the pretty Sika's ears; and Lee Ping, becoming cognisant of the fact, prayed to his joss daily for the youth's destruction. But being a sound business man, as well as a jealous husband, with the desire of accomplishing his ruin he united the hope of obtaining his wealth, and to achieve both these things he took counsel with 'The Stork that lives a Thousand Years.'

Thenceforward, Sika allowed her adorer to understand that she was by no means averse to his attentions. On the contrary, she let him see that to such an extent did she favour them, that she was willing to assist in encompassing the death of Lee Ping, and, more important still, to escape with his wealth and the plunder of his house to China.

Quong went as nearly into ecstasies as it is possible for a Chinaman to go, and promised that their future should be spent in devising original pet names for each other, and in calculating their gains from some remunerative opium concern. Thus you will see that his love was based on the soundest of commercial principles.

Now, to his other occupations Lee Ping added the duties and emoluments of Government informer, and many of the incomprehensible arrests of his too confiding countrymen might have been traced from the whitewashed sanctum of the police office to his musty-smelling back-parlour.

If you would clearly understand what follows, you must remember that Chinese life in the northern territory of Australia is permeated through and through by secret societies—social, political, or religious, as the case may be. And to endeavour to bring members of these societies to justice by ordinary means is a hopeless, if not a well-nigh impossible task. But, as we have learned, the authorities had to a certain extent overcome these difficulties with the assistance of our versatile friend Lee Ping. Not that even then they always captured the right man, for you will see that it was just as easy for the real offender to buy over the traitor as for the police to do so.

I do not mean to say that the system had not its drawbacks—what system is without them? Its advantages, however, lay in this, that whenever a crime of extraordinary magnitude had been committed, the police could always satisfy public feeling by bringing some criminal, if only a Chinaman, to trial, and what is more, be certain of convicting him on circumstantial evidence—when, as likely as not, he had never been near the place at all. In the

eyes of the law, one little brown man is as another. And this is of course as it should be.

Now, as I have said before, when these events took place, the territory lay travelling in the heat of summer: not an English summer of tennis parties, river picnics, and yacht races, but months of sand and flies, with the thermometer hovering continually between one hundred and ten and one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade. A summer when, throughout the day, sun-strokes were common, and when, after nightfall, deadly miasmas crept up the banks of the watercourse, swept down the tented streets, and wrestled for the lives of every human being in the settlement.

In those days, the worn-out overseers on the construction works were as Egyptian taskmasters, and the heart of the Mongolian was as lead within him.

From morning till night Quong Shang bore burdens on the works and thought of Sika. In the intervals he invented horrible tortures for Lee Ping, and longed for night to come when, between the games, he would be able to discuss them with his lady-love.

But about this time rumours were abroad. That mighty potentate, the chief-engineer, in whose eyes individual Chinese coolies were about as important as earthworms, had decreed the moving of the camp ten miles farther to the southward. Quong heard of this, and took heed; the time for action had arrived—now or never must his scheme see practice.

For another reason, Quong was additionally anxious to be gone: his pigtail was heavy with gold; and being a prudent youth, he was disinclined to run any more risk than he could help.

In their nightly consultations, they had arranged the details after this fashion: 'The Stork that lives a Thousand Years' was to find the treasure and appropriate the portable articles of plunder, while Quong Shang, 'The Brave,' carried out the deed itself.

The night set in dark and awesome. A monstrous wind, blowing from across the desert, whistled mournfully down the canvas streets, the trees bent and swayed before it, and black thunder-clouds gathered in the west. Thick banks of dust whirled and eddied round Lee Ping's abode, and at intervals, flashes of lightning glimmered along the horizon.

Quong and Sika met earlier than usual, and for the last time overhauled their plans together in the jungle behind the camp. Now, Quong, though vindictive, was not courageous, and while in theory he had often butchered Lee Ping with remorseless atrocity, in practice he was already beginning to repent him of his share in the transaction. He even hinted that 'The Stork' would be able to find better opportunities of completing the business than he could ever hope to do. This, naturally enough, did not meet with her approval, and she told him so in terms which left him no alternative but to carry out the deed, or there and then resign all thoughts of a future with herself. He thereupon changed his mind, and Sika sped away to give her lord his supper, as becomes a faithful and devoted spouse. During

the meal she told him all Quong's arrangements, and Lee Ping rattled his toothless gums together to show his appreciation of the joke.

The night rolled on, and from his lair in the jungle, Quong watched the lights fade out one by one till all grew black as the clouds above him. The deeper darkness that precedes dawn brought him out of hiding and down the little hill. Approaching the store with stealthy tread, he paused to listen. Not a sound came from within—Sika had evidently fulfilled her promise, and, according to arrangement, had soothed her lord to sleep with tender little love-songs and much endearment. Quong chuckled, and moved towards the door. Finding that no one stirred, he gave the signal. Then the door was softly opened, and Sika stood before him—her finger on her lips. Quong, whispering that she was 'the light of his eyes and the lotos leaf of his life,' or words to that effect, entered, hatchet in hand, trembling violently.

There is an old saying that 'the woman who hesitates is lost.' This time, it was the man. But the moral is just the same. For while Quong was endeavouring to muster up sufficient courage to find his victim and aim the fatal blow, he was suddenly seized from behind and thrown heavily upon the floor. His dismay was boundless, and it became even more so when he found his intended victim standing over him ferociously brandishing a tomahawk. He remembers no more, for a pair of small thin fingers, undoubtedly Sika's—he had often praised their dainty beauty—were twining themselves remorselessly round his gullet, pressing tighter and tighter till he lost all consciousness.

On recovering, he found himself across the creek, chained hand and foot to a very substantial log in the police cells. He was very confused, very sore, and the marks of eight of the tiniest fingers imaginable were just beginning to turn black around his windpipe. Then came the saddest discovery of all—his pigtail, his bank, as well as the pride and glory of his existence, was gone, cut off at the roots, and with it all his treasure. Bumping his head against the log, he wept and groaned in very bitterness of spirit.

A week later, he was conveyed to Palmerston, where he was charged with robbing the till of the *Hotel Oriental*—hitherto, an unexplained burglary; and, on the evidence of Lee Ping and Sika, was condemned to three years' penal servitude with hard labour.

On the expiration of his sentence, he learned that Lee Ping had returned to China, marvelously rich, and that with him had departed the faithless 'Stork that lives a Thousand Years.'

Quong's new pigtail grows apace, but though he anoints it daily, he takes small pride in it, for he has no Sika now to praise its length and beauty. He has, however, since his release manufactured for himself a most elaborate deity, before whom he burns the most horrible of joss sticks. If you are curious as to his reasons, he will tell you that he is doing his best to work a spell, whereby Lee Ping shall lose his health, the love of Sika, every halfpenny of his accumulated wealth, and become the possessor of all miseries conceivable.

Now, there are three morals to be deduced from this story, and they run as follows: 'Never play with edged tools;' 'Leave love alone;' and, 'If you must murder the husband, think twice before telling the wife.' There are several others, but I don't suppose you will need my assistance to discover them.

TRY MALLORCA.

By ALAN WALTERS, Author of *A Lotos-eater in Capri*.

WITHIN fifty hours of eating a chop at Charing Cross, I was sipping pale chicken broth a thousand miles away in the Fonda de Mallorca, in the sleepy old Balearic city of Palma. A dusty night-journey from the Quai d'Austerlitz, and a midnight basin of mysterious soup at red-roofed Tours; past Poitiers, looking like a cardboard toy in the magical moonbeams; five minutes' pause beneath the rocky height of hoary Angoulême; and so on into Bordeaux just as the sun is giving a morning kiss to the tall tower of St Michel. Away, again, after a precipitate breakfast of *bric-à-brac*, to Narbonne, cradle of the Roman power in Gaul, where a more deliberate dinner fortifies the inner man for another night out of bed. With a rush and a roar, the train wakes the echoes of the Pyrenees; the Spanish border is left behind, and in the first rays of dawn I catch sight of the far-off shimmer of the Mediterranean. But a few hours more, and I am rolling over its breezy waters on board the *Manacor*, towards the little archipelago of sunny rocks known to us moderns as the Balearic Isles, a name given by the Romans of old to the two largest islands of the group, on account, as some think, of the skilful use by the natives of the Phœnician sling.

The Balearic group—consisting of three large islands and many smaller ones, most of them mere specks of rock—has a total area of some eighteen hundred and sixty square miles, and a population of three hundred thousand souls, five-sixths of whom are divided between Mallorca (Majorca) and Minorca. Although the point of Mallorca nearest to Spain is but ninety miles from the mainland, the voyage from Barcelona to Palma, the capital, is nearer a hundred and fifty. The island measures about sixty miles from east to west; whereas its neighbour, Minorca, twenty miles away, is but a third of the size; and Iviza, smallest but most beautiful, is barely four miles square. A glance at the map shows us why the islands have been the scene of so much stirring history, and why they have felt the hand of so many masters. Anciently, they were held by the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, the latter of whom were the builders of Mahon, so called from the family of Mago. A quarter of a century after the fall of Carthage came the Romans; in 423 the Vandals; and in 798 the Moors. At the beginning of the twelfth cen-

tury the ravages of the Moslems had risen to such a pitch that Pope Pascal II. persuaded the men of Pisa to go and mend matters, which for a time they did; but in 1115 the Moors again got the upper hand, and were not finally crushed till after the lapse of more than a century by Don Jaime of Aragon. In the fourteenth century the islands were added to the crown of Aragon by Pedro IV., and, with the exception of Minorca, have ever since formed one of the forty-nine provinces of the kingdom of Spain. In 1708 Port Mahon was taken by General Stanhope; five years later, Minorca was formally ceded to England by the Peace of Utrecht. In 1756 it was seized by the French, only to be restored at the Peace of Versailles in 1769; and after various other turns of fortune, was finally handed over to Spain, in 1803, by the Peace of Amiens.

The climate of Mallorca is exceedingly pleasant, and much of its scenery very picturesque. For the most part, the temperature is equable, wintry winds being checked by the *cordillera* in the north, nearly five thousand feet high; and the heat of summer being tempered by sea-breezes. As elsewhere in the Mediterranean, the spring-time is most enjoyable; while in the autumn and winter evenings, fires are decidedly comfortable. The thermometer seldom marks more than ninety degrees Fahrenheit, or less than forty; but there is a good deal of moisture in the atmosphere all the year round, and at certain seasons rapid changes are not unknown. For an excursion on a bright winter's day you must carry, as you must at Nice or Cannes, a sun-shade in one hand and a warm wrap in the other; and in Palma itself the sombre, ill-paved streets are mostly so narrow and shut in by the deep overhanging eaves, that the sun never warms them.

The Balears, noted in days of old for their productiveness, brought forth corn that Pliny praised for its weight and quality, and grapes, held by the Romans in high esteem. At the present day the vegetation is rich and luxuriant, and immense quantities are grown of oranges, lemons, small red apples with a taste of nectarines, superb yellow grapes, dates, pomegranates, and figs. Deer at one time were plentiful, and a species of bird, called by Pliny *phalacrocorax* (perhaps a coot), furnished many a dish for the *gourmets* of Rome. Olives, originally planted by the men of Carthage, still flourish and abound. Of game there is none now but hares, rabbits, and partridges, with a few winter snipe and woodcock.

As for the people, be it understood that a Mallorquin is no more a Spaniard than a Shetlander is a Scot. Like his Moro-Aragonese forebears, he is a lazy, ill-conditioned, unenterprising sloth, with but one idea of life—that of siesta. The number of those who live by active and visible labour is astonishingly small. The first thing that strikes you on landing in Palma is that it is a place where everything long ago left off happening. Of life there, it may truly be said, 'les jours se suivent et se ressemblent.' Palma is as quiet as Malta is noisy, and that is saying a good deal. Food is cheap and abundant. A robber is as rare as a beggar; and life and property are perfectly secure in every

corner of the island. The people, if not active in the cultivation of moral virtue, at least show a want of sympathy for that which is violent or uncharitable; though ignorant, idle, and superstitious, they are honest and inoffensive, and live in the bond of peace. If a couple of common folk have a difference, they straighten it out with their fists, and neither is the worse.

In outward appearance there is much to remind one of their semi-African origin. Often the features are refined and well cut, of a pale olive hue, with dark eyes and hair. A common dress is a pair of loose, wide, blue cotton pantaloons, tied below the knee; a gay cotton shirt; and a twisted handkerchief on the head; to which on *fiestas* are added a blue cloth cloak and a hat as big as a luo table. The priests wear their huge hats with the rim at each side rolled up, looking like a long cylinder extending a couple of feet fore and aft. The country women wear mostly the blue burnous of Africa, or a corset and abbreviated skirt, with a *rebecillo* on the head, an arrangement of thin cambric like a mantilla gathered in at the throat, and falling in pretty plaits over the bosom. In the Balears, however, as in Corsica and Capri and in every other island of the blue Iberian Sea, the fashions of Paris are swiftly spreading and swallowing up the *sayas* and *mantillas* and *rebecillos*, and other piquant portions of the old national costumes.

Before I had been many hours in Palma I discovered that sharp lines of demarcation are drawn between the upper and lower classes of the inhabitants. There still exists a tolerably unadulterated feudalism, a recognisable remnant of the ancient vassalage, with a broad impassable gap between the owner and the tiller of the soil, the *señor* and the occupier. The pride of family, which used to be carried to a ridiculous point, is in these days but slowly giving place to modern influences, and is still hardly inferior to that of MacDermot, Prince of Coolavin, who objected to his lowly-born wife sitting to eat at the same table with him. At the present moment there are no fewer than three dozen members of the Spanish peerage who draw their titles from the Balearics. The nine *solar*s or barons who fought with Don Jaime at the siege of Palma founded families that are still flourishing like petty sovereigns as a separate class from the rest of the nobility; and only in rare and recent instances have they taken wives or husbands from beyond their own 'set.' They regard themselves with far greater veneration than that with which they are looked upon by the classes whom they despise. They are known commonly as *Butifarras*, literally, a 'large sausage;' a term used in a sense corresponding to our slang 'bloated swell.' Beneath the ennobled class comes the commercial body, under whom in gradation are the farmers, the farm-labourers (who retain certain Arabic characteristics), shopkeepers, artisans, and—*longo intervallo*—the Chuetas (long-eared owls), a name of contempt given to the descendants of Jews who are now Christians, but still live apart from the rest of the community in a separate quarter.

I spent several days pleasantly enough in

seeing the lions of Palma, among the chief of which is the venerable Cathedral erected in the thirteenth century, close to the sea. What it lacks in grace it makes up for by its vast reposeful grandeur, arresting the eye at once by the peculiar amber hue of its walls. Unfortunately, it is so blocked up by unlovely houses on three sides, that a fair view of its noble proportions is not to be had except from the harbour. The tower is imposing; and the interior, severely Gothic in style, is of such colossal dimensions that one feels like a molecule when standing inside it. The roof of the nave, one hundred and fifty feet in height, is supported by octagonal pillars on wonderfully slender bases. In the choir are some very rich windows and finely carved stalls of walnut wood. A large and horribly-voiced organ, adorned by a wooden Moor's head, is flanked on one side by a doorway that leads into the now disused Capilla Real or royal chapel, the ancient burial-place of the Mallorcan kings, containing some rich decoration, and a wooden gallery of superb Moorish workmanship. In front of the high-altar stands a yellow marble sarcophagus, the grave of Don Jaime the second, son of the conqueror, whose embalmed body rests inside in a coffin with a glass lid, and is drawn out by the sacristan for inspection at a *peseta* (a franc) per head. A much-venerated relic preserved here is a tetradrachm of Rhodes, one of the original thirty pieces of silver—so it is believed—paid by the priests to Judas Iscariot. In the Capilla Corpus Christi is the tomb of Tarella, the first Bishop of Mallorca, who died in 1266; Bishop Galiana reposes in the chapel De la Corona; and in a third is the grave, surmounted by a bust, of the Marquis de la Romana, whose chief claim to distinction is that he was a friend of the Iron Duke's. The Cathedral treasury is well worth a visit, and contains, among many magnificent objects of gold and gems, the chair of Charles V., and an arm of San Sebastian. In nave and choir, every nook and corner is covered with coats of arms, the armorial bearings of those great ones long dead, who were willing, while the Cathedral building fund was languishing, to purchase an easy immortality for themselves at a cost of a thousand livres.

Within a few paces of the Cathedral stands the old Moorish palace, now the residence of the Captain-general, which contains the chapel of Sant' Ana, to be noted for the exquisitely worked vestments in its sacristy, and for the extensive view from the top of the tower. Other churches in Palma are well worth seeing, especially that of St Francis, with its beautiful marbles and cloisters, and its tomb of Raymond Lully, a native of the city, and 'the glory and light of the Balearic kingdom.' As I looked at his last resting-place, I could not but think what a strange career was that of the quixotic philosopher, with his fantastic system of logic and his schemes of regeneration for the Moslem world. While yet a youth, he was appointed Grand Seneschal of the island by Jaime II.; and after sowing a good crop of wild-oats, betook himself in middle life to a solitary retreat at Randa, whence, after eight years of preparation, he went forth, first to Paris and Rome,

and then to Tunis, where he narrowly escaped death at the hands of those whom he had lashed to fury by his religious zeal. Returning in 1315 as an old man to Africa, the 'Doctor Illuminatus' brought upon himself the fanatical wrath of the men of Bougiah, at whose hands he received such injuries that he died on board ship, just as he was entering the harbour of Palma.

The handsome house of the Bonaparte family stands in the Rue de Palma, decorated with the armorial bearings of Hugo Bonaparte, who in 1411 was sent by the Spanish Government as governor to Corsica. In the Calle de Zarella is an insignificant tenement inhabited by a cobbler, where, in 1541, Charles V. stayed on his way to Algiers. His effigy in stone is carved over one of the windows. Not a few of the Palma residences are really palaces, especially those in the Calle de St Jaime, many of which contain fine collections of antiquities. But quite the most remarkable building in the island is the Louja or old Exchange, built by an architect named Sagra in 1426. It is a huge square mass, Gothic and castellated, with corner towers connected by an open gallery. Through the superb doorway, surmounted by the figure of an angel, you pass into a chamber of great beauty, with an arched ceiling of stone palm leaves springing from tall fluted columns. From the roof of the building, part of which is now used as a grain store, there is a view which should on no account be missed.

Through the midst of the city gurgles the little Riera, from which in summer a bucket can with difficulty be filled, though there are times and seasons when it rushes along in a noisy and excited torrent. Outside the walls, many charming excursions may be made, one of the prettiest being the drive through the Puerta del Muelle, along under the fortress-wall, and on over the Riera to the hamlet of Arrabal de St Catalina, round which stand many green-shuttered villas, the summer quarters of Palma tradesmen. Farther on, the road passes under two great arches, and leads through a copse up to the castle of Bellver, two miles from Palma, built by Jaime II., and now used as a military prison. It can only be inspected by an order from the *commandant de place* in Palma, which is worth obtaining if only for the sake of the magnificent view from the Torre de Homenage, at the foot of which the ill-fated Don Luis Lacy was shot in 1817, 'a victim to his ardent love of liberty.'

Other drives may be taken in among the hills to Ben Dinat, a château in the midst of fascinating scenery, belonging to the Count of Montenegro; and westwards to the fishing village of Andraix. A longer excursion may be made to Soller, by way of Valldemosa, in the monastery of which George Sand wrote *Spiridion*, when on a visit with Chopin in the bitterly cold winter of 1838. The clergy of Soller would have nothing to say to the visitors; nobody would wait upon them, and they consequently had a wretched time of it. Valldemosa is a two hours' drive from Palma across a plain studded with almond, walnut, and olive trees. The village itself—Wilayet-moosa, or 'the village of Musa'—lies in a romantic situa-

tion among hills, and is a weather-beaten old place, chiefly interesting for the palatial edifice that in 1393 was turned by Pope Martin IV. into a Carthusian monastery, and is now occupied by several families, who let out delightful summer quarters on very moderate terms. In the (modern) ballroom there is a curious painting by Ankerman, a native of Mallorca, in which the artist is represented as being called to order by a burly British beadle in Greenwich Park on a Sunday, while a troop of jeering *va-nu-pieds* or ragamuffins are looking on.

Half an hour's drive beyond Valldemosa lies Miramar, the beauty-spot, *par excellence*, of the island. The small château (which gives its name to the stately one built by Maximilian near Trieste) stands on an estate belonging to the Austrian Archduke Luis Salvator, the son of a Grand-duke of Tuscany, who has erected an *ospederia* for travellers. For three days, lodging and attendance are free to all comers, but food must be brought. The house is on rising ground, overlooking a coast-line of rare beauty, and is environed by richly cultivated terraced gardens and vineyards. Within a few minutes' walk stands a miniature church; and near at hand is the château, which once formed part of a college built by Lully for the Oriental studies of his monks, and where he set up one of the earliest printing-presses in Europe. The royal owner is an accomplished scholar and archæologist, and is the author of a sumptuous volume entitled *Die Balearen in Wort und Bild*, or 'The Balearics described with Pen and Pencil.'

From Valldemosa the road runs on down to palmy Soller (so called from *olla*, a jar), which, though sadly dilapidated, is, to my thinking, one of the most beautiful places in the Mediterranean. It lies in a valley, bathed in sunshine from dawn to sunset, and knows the breath neither of *bora* nor *mistral*. For those who do not mind roughing it a bit, Soller is delightful, though, as a mere accumulation of old bridges, crumbling walls, and crazy-looking dwellings, it has nothing but its romantic situation and its exquisite climate to make it attractive. A couple of miles away to the west lies a pretty inlet, into which the sea flows through a narrow *bocca*, with a lighthouse and ruined chapel on either hand. In spring-time the road between Soller and its little port is occupied for the most part by strings of carts laden with oranges, and drawn by tall shapely Mallorcan donkeys, a hardy and fiery race, that work week in week out for five-and-twenty years. Fifty million oranges are shipped annually from Soller, besides vast numbers of *Citron medica*.

Much remains that might be written of Iviza and Minorca, and Arta with its wonderful cyclopean monuments and fantastic limestone caves; and Belpuig with its inexplicable *talayot*, a circle of colossal stones, possibly an ancient place of sacrifice. In the Balearics the antiquary and the student of history, no less than the lotos-eater and the lover of Nature, will find abundant matter for delight; and holiday-makers in search of new sensations may rest assured that they will get their money's worth and a good deal more into the bargain, if they wend their way, either in summer or

winter, to the little rocky archipelago for which a bi-weekly steamer sails from Barcelona, and which is to many a travelled Englishman still an entirely unknown playground.

HAWKS AS FRUIT-WATCHERS.

I have a fine hawk for the bush.
SHAKESPEARE.

WITH the return of the fruit season, gardeners and orchardists will find themselves once more face to face with the problem, how at the smallest outlay to protect their fruit from the ravages of various birds which prey upon it. Of late years, these have increased so excessively in many districts as to become little short of a plague. As soon as the fruit begins to colour, they flock to it from the neighbouring woodlands, and from early morn till late they swarm among the bushes, devouring and wasting the produce, so that as each crop—cherry, strawberry, gooseberry, currant, plum, and pear—matures they exact a heavy tithe from the patient cultivator. All means yet devised to prevent or lessen their depredations have proved only partially successful, and more or less objectionable. In fact, to carry any one of them out would require no inconsiderable expenditure in meeting the wages of watchers and in providing the necessary appliances. Where the plot is small and profit is no object, protection can be obtained by netting it in; but where the area is of any extent, it is hopeless to think of so doing. The small returns which fruit of late has yielded does not leave a margin to provide so costly an expedient—never to mention the difficulty of spreading nets over trees of various heights, and the constant attention required to keep them in anything like serviceable order. To resolve to shoot the birds is to undertake a labour that is vain, for, in place of the one which is shot, half-a-dozen seem to appear. Moreover, in a very short time they get accustomed to the report of the gun, as they do to all those hideous noises, the deafening echoes of which at intervals are heard reverberating through orchards—only to develop a deeper cunning and a more reckless daring.

Catching in iron spring traps, and leaving the victims with broken legs to die a death of slow agony, or mutilating the hapless ones which have been caught by other means before setting them free, must be condemned as barbarous savagery, which fails of any good. Again, robbing all nests and destroying the old birds is cruel folly, for blackbirds, thrushes, and ring-ousels—the chief depredators—perform a useful service in clearing gardens and orchards of certain insect pests. Further, all these birds are pleasant songsters: their sweet mellow notes lend an interest to and gladden the landscape, sweetening the too often chilly breezes of spring; and it is the duty of all well-intentioned persons to preserve in this utilitarian age every beast, bird, and plant which gives a pleasure and a charm to rural life.

It would thus appear as if fruit-growers had not yet considered this matter of protecting their orchards in its proper bearing. The idea

is too prevalent that thrushes and blackbirds are garden pests, and nothing else, and that just as the gamekeeper kills all birds of prey, so the orchardist ought to destroy all fruit-eating birds. But how brief is their term of mischief-doing, compared with that of beneficence! Only during a short time in summer are thrushes and blackbirds troublesome. All through the other months they are busy among the slugs, larvæ, and other injurious creatures. Only when the rich treasures of the orchard are ripe for gathering is their usefulness changed into destructiveness, and then the gardener, irritated at the pillage of his berries, forgets their past services, and vows a war of extermination against the songsters, which in spring-time gladdened his ear as they carolled their love-notes from the branches of some pink-robed apple-tree, and whose visits to his rows and borders he welcomed in early summer.

Clearly what is needed is some means—simple and inexpensive—whereby the birds may be kept away during the fruit harvest without necessarily in any material way lessening their numbers. Nature provides such a means ready at hand, and man best shows his wisdom by following her guidance and using her remedy.

In early ages, when men became tillers of the ground, they found that their grain when stored was eaten by mice. Observation taught them that mice in turn are eaten by other animals; and so, to keep the mice away from their granaries, they tamed the ancestors of our domestic cat. Hawks are the natural enemies of thrushes, blackbirds, and ousels, as cats are of mice. The most unobservant cannot but have noted what a commotion and panic take place among birds if a hawk be espied gliding past. The swift-winged swallows and starlings dart hither and thither, following their foe at a respectful distance; the thrushes, and finches, and sparrows seek the protecting cover of the underwood or the heart of the hedgerow, while each and all screech and scream, sounding a note of alarm, it may be a cry which is intended to mock the hawk, making it aware that its game of swoops and surprises is a failure for once, as there is no small bird napping. Why should not, then, this dread which our fruit-eating birds have of their natural enemy, be turned to serviceable account, and the hawk be installed as the guardian of the orchard, as the cat is the protectress of the granary?

If it be thought that this plan is too simple to be of any real service, or impracticable because of the difficulty likely to be experienced in making so wild a bird as the hawk tame enough to abide near a house and its neighbourhood, the writer may be permitted to give his testimony to the facility with which certain hawks are made as docile as spaniels, and to the good services which they render in warding off birds from fruit. Of the four hawks which are more or less common in our midst—the peregrine (*Falco peregrinus*), the merlin (*Falco aesalon*), the sparrow-hawk (*Accipiter nisus*), and the kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*)—the three latter he has himself frequently reared and used to protect fruit, and the former he has

seen trained by another. To be successful, the young must be taken from the nest before they are many days old, and kept warm, and fed on the flesh of rabbit or young rook moistened with water, all bones being finely broken. It is well to accustom them from the first to some sound or whistle, so that when they begin to take wing they may come on being called. As soon as they can move about, place them on the ground in the fruit enclosure, for a choice near where you are working, and occasionally give them some titbit, thus inviting them to frequent your society. At night they should be confined, and in the morning fed before being set free, and on no account ought they to be encouraged to hunt for themselves. Once they are fledged, a few scraps of odd lean butcher-meat, with an occasional change to rabbit or mouse, will keep them in good health. If you are so fortunate as to live near a peregrine's eyrie and can procure a young one, do so. Noble bird as it was once accounted, it will guard your fruit splendidly, and be the envy of every one around who loves the romance of our ancient field-sports. A tame one which the writer remembers did excellent service in this way. A peregrine, however, has this disadvantage—being a bird of powerful flight, it is apt, unless carefully tended and confined when not required, to wander wide, and as every hawk which comes within gunshot is a dead bird, it may never return.

A hawk which cannot be recommended is the sparrow-hawk. It is difficult to tame sufficiently. A pair which the writer reared from the egg, and which in confinement were as gentle as kittens, became, the moment they were put outside, as 'wild as haggards of the rock.'

The two hawks eminently qualified to become garden watchers are the merlin and the kestrel. The merlin is the smallest of our native hawks, being a miniature peregrine, the cock being little larger than a missel-thrush. It generally nests among heather, and for spirit and daring it has no compeer. In the days of falconry they were considered 'passing good hawks and very skilful.' The young are easily reared and trained. When fledged, they are active and restless, their habits being quite ideal for the purpose of dispersing the birds which are ever on the watch for a chance of attacking the fruit, while their small size permits their working easily among bushes. When on the wing, they rival the swallow in speed. A young hen which the writer kept was once found when about ten weeks old with a swift—newly killed—in her talons.

But the hawk which will be most easily obtained is the kestrel. It may be no match for the merlin in activity or daring, but its presence is quite effective enough in the orchard. Its graceful hovering movements when on the wing, and its partly insectivorous habits, commend it. For several seasons the writer reared one of these hawks, and found they had a sufficiently deterrent effect in keeping away all birds from a large garden. No blackbird or thrush dared to intrude while its foe was near, and thus the hawk more than repaid the small trouble incurred in rearing and handling it, being in addition an interesting pet.

It may be suggested that where there are a number of small holders, the occupiers might arrange to keep a hawk among them, as a well-trained bird is capable of guarding several acres. Another service which it could perform would be preserving the bushes in early spring—if necessary—from the attacks of birds such as bullfinches or titmice, which destroy the fruit-bud, either by eating or cutting it off to get at the insect forms within its folds.

A word of advice is necessary. Unfortunately, the hawk, being an Ishmael, has enemies—no feathered creature has more. No one yields it mercy; no one loses a chance of robbing its nest, of killing its young, of shooting or trapping itself; no close-time is allowed it. If, therefore, you keep one, let the fact be known widely that your garden or orchard is guarded by a hawk; that you value its services as highly as the shepherd does his dog's; else just at the time you require it most, you may discover that some urchin has stoned it to death, or a gamekeeper, not knowing its usefulness, has shot it.

If fruit-farmers can be induced to act upon this suggestion, a brighter era will begin for some of our much-persecuted Raptores. Their purpose in the economy of nature will be better understood and appreciated, and it will be recognised that they have a place in the order of creation wisely assigned to them, and that they can be utilised to render very valuable services to the cultivator of the fruits of the earth.

THE UPHILL AND THE DOWNHILL.

'Scilicet omnibus est labor inpendendus.'

STRODE a lordling from his palace
On the hillside's stately crest,
Facing downward to the valleys
In enjoyment's idle quest;
But the breeze about him blowing
Seemed to murmur on his track,
'Ah, the road that's downhill going
Will be uphill coming back.'

Tripped a maiden to the fountain
From her cottage in the vale,
Stepping boldly up the mountain
With her empty water-pail;
And methought the brooklet flowing
Whispered ever on her track,
'Oh, the road that's uphill going
Will be downhill coming back.'

And a lesson I did borrow,
As of some chance-opened book,
From the breeze's murmured sorrow
And the whisper of the brook—
If the downhill has an ending,
Choose our pathway as we will,
We had best begin ascending
With our faces to the hill.

H. C. C.

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